IN THE BEGINNING

The Spectator

WAS THE WORD

SERIAL FOURTEEN — HYPOCRISY — NUMBER 17B

Hill Professors Display High Regard for Drink

Responding vigorously to President Dusty Mack's call of September 20th for a more active and interested faculty, several Hill professors, as usual, displayed a disregard for moderation — their actions resulting in a general condemnation of Hamilton College and a curtailment of traditional undergraduate life.

On January 3, Professor Semi-Colin climaxed a winter vacation of debauchery by what he described as " . . . mystical exper-r-r-ience" at the, then, beloved Village Tavern. However, supported by sixty three drafties and a score of cheering faculty friends, at 1:27 p.m. he began to attack a restroom wall. At 00:32 of the first round he was officially counted out by the irate bartender, who is actually not as suave as he imagines himself to be.

The result of Professor Semi-Colin's thoughtless escapade is that the V.T. is now deemed "off limits" to thirsty undergrads. A modicum of restraint might have prevented this unfortunate fiasco. However, the student body, in a recent chapel poll, decided by a slim margin to overlook the matter, and Professor Semi-Colin, escaped with nothing but a sternly worded reprimand which, unfortunately, will be placed on record in his official folder.

Assistant Dean Buster Brown at once realized that the time was ripe to put into effect the top secret, Plan X, to eliminate drinking at Hamilton. Thus, on January 10, he set fire to the, since, beloved Park Hotel. Later, to avoid suspicion, he craftily joined the Clinton Fire Company as it fought the blaze. Overlooked was the fact that in his thirty two years on the Force, this was Fireman Brown's first fire. Afterwards, clasping his Carrie Nation badge and Women's Christian Temperance League pin, he declared gravely that " . . . I have struck a great blow for sobriety." At this moment, however, five Utica detectives called in especially for the case are at work gathering evidence. So far they have to go on is a vague familiar scarf found at the scene. It won't be long now.

Mystical Exper-r-r-ience

Further trouble is anticipated from Hamilton's, occasionally beloved Dean Seagram. In a recent speech to the Trustees, Seagram announced that in accordance with his "new Frontiers" program that several changes would be instituted. Said Seagram, "It has been decided that, because of the stagnation of student intellectual life here at Hamilton, starting next semester there will be several changes of policy. First, Compulsory Chapel, public speaking, physical education, science and language requirements will be eliminated. And, in place of these non-essentials, we will place (following and expanding the ideas of two of our own students) one general Appreciation course. This will be a gut, so there's no sweat there. I intend to turn this school into a real playground."

However the next day, Dean Seagram retracted his statement after an anonymous member of the Clinton Fire Department threatened to burn his house down. Utica detectives called in for the case have nothing to go on but a bow tie found under Seagram's window.

There are numerous other instances of faculty and administrative lack of public concern for the image they present of Hamilton College as a whole: Professor Hawley's geology field trips are only one glaring example. All the student body asks is a little consideration — after all, what will our friends at Colgate think?

FAMILY PORTRAIT — Associate Dean Buster Brown and clan seek sympathy from circuit-judge Philip C. Jessup. Brown was overheard telling the judge, "I've worked hard since I came to Hamilton."

Maxie Stachura Resigns Suddenly As Senior Commencement Speaker

There will be no student commencement speaker this June. Maxie Stachura, '61, the senior previously chosen to speak, has resigned.

No reasons were given for the resignation by either the administration or Stachura. Informed sources speculated as to the motives behind this surprise move. A number of conflicting theories have been developed.

One suggestion has it that Mr. Coleman Burke, notorious member of the Board of Trustees, objected to Stachura on grounds of his Polish ancestry. He said, "The Lodge doesn't like Poles."

Another suggestion was that Stachura had flunked out last semester, due to the madman of the Physical Chemistry department, and had been expelled from Phi Beta Kappa. The school, however, could not allow him to leave for "reasons of prestige;" but at the same time it could not allow a student who had failed to meet the graduation requirements to give a major address at commencement.

Although Stachura has made a good record in academic subjects, it is known that he has duped the athletic department into passing him in physical education by posing in a rented Block H sweater.

Perhaps the most plausible explanation of the resignation was that Stachura wanted either to give a talk in Polish on *The Meaninglessness of a Hamilton Education* or say nothing at all. The administration refused to let him do this. "It would not be good for the public image of the College and it isn't nice to wash dirty laundry in Public," Dusty Mack was reported to have said.

Stachura is an Epsilon.

Fun in Utica

Club 121 — Organ Recital by Prof. John L. Baldwin.

Tones — "Boy Meets Girl" every night at 8 p.m.

Uptown — "Over the Hill in a Willys Jeep" starring John R. Mattingly.

Utica Memorial Auditorium — South African Slave Sale with Channing Bullfinch.

Police Arrest Associate Dean For Starting Clinton Fire

Solitary Molester Arouses Campus With Foul Deeds

Tragedy struck the Hamilton College Campus early this afternoon in the form of a solitary raper who suddenly floundered his way across our sunny, calm isolated small liberal arts college, leaving behind a trail of foul deeds that would make even the hardiest of men shudder.

When last glimpsed the solitary raper was seen disappearing into the woodwork at Alpha Delta Phi. But no trace could be found, despite the fact that a freshman passing by thought he heard a faint cliqueing noise behind that woodwork.

No one knows just what caused this sudden crime spree of the solitary raper. It is probably that after months and months of isolation, seeing those sweet, young, innocent girls arriving on campus triggered a violent reaction.

Or perhaps he has played on the hockey team.

The crimes committed are almost too horrible to relate, and in view of the fact that the solitary raper may be loose all weekend despite concentrated police efforts, it would not be wise to further upset the still unmolested girls.

However, we will report the details of the crimes in full, if only for the sake of reporting.

"The first girl and her escort were walking in the glen," said a witness, "when suddenly this horrible shape came crashing through the snow at them. He punched out at the boy and then, ripping and tearing at the girl's clothes, he grabbed her by the

(Continued on page four)

Buster Brown, Associate Dean of Hamilton College, was arrested today and charged with setting fire to the Park Hotel on Tuesday, Jan. 10.

The arrest was made after Police Chief Maggie Briggs found fragments of a buff and blue muffler of the kind always worn by Brown. A check with Ethel Cameron, proprietor of the College store, and sometime actress, revealed that Wertimer had purchased such a muffler on Jan. 9. "He appeared nervous," Mrs. Cameron said, "but I thought it not unusual. He grabbed the muffler and ran from the store without stopping to chat."

After being brought to the scene of the crime, Brown confessed to having started the fire. "We had finally secured a beer license, he said, and I saw no reason for the boys to spend their money in Clinton." Informed sources revealed today, however, that Brown's wife, Ellie, frequented the tavern. Brown had complained to campus colleagues that his wife often spent an entire afternoon at the pub. "When I returned home after a hard day behind the desk," he said, "Ellie was never there."

Mrs. Brown denied her husband's allegation. "Buster," she said, "objected only to my attendance at meetings of the faculty wives association. I don't know where to turn," she continued, "the family will miss Buster's smile and his paycheck." Mrs. Brown held no hope for her husband's release.

Dusty Mack, President of the College, issued a statement through his secretary, Miss Coldhart.

Mack, she explained, while petting her spaniel, was vacationing in Jamaica. "Mr. Mack," she said, "expresses regret over the recent development and wishes to assure the student body that Brown will never again be permitted to wear his muffler while off the campus. Mack hopes, she continued, that Brown will be allowed to return after serving his sentence. We have never before had an administrator so popular with the student body."

Campus reaction was immediate and widespread. Bob Heaver, director of public relations, sought a parallel in the histories of Amherst, Williams, or Wesleyan. Dapper Bachley, Director of Admissions, hoped that the incident would have no effect on the number of applications received. "If only Buster had done this after April 15th," he complained, "it would have been too late for the students to withdraw." Jack Letcherseltzer, Superintendent of Grounds, revealed today that his staff had been asked to help fight the fire. "I called Buster," he said, "but there was no answer. We found his fire engine parked illegally and were forced to impound it."

VA - VA - VA - VOM — Mrs. Dusty Mac is shown above vacationing in Jamaica last month. She was quoted as saying, "I certainly do miss my Mantan."

Dean Announces Proposed Merger Of Hill, Amherst

Plans have recently been proposed for the merging of our small isolated liberal arts college with Amherst, thus forming the Hamilton - Amherst - Oneida Academy. This plan has materialized out of much thought and conscientious plagiarism, the Dean informed this surprised reporter.

"They founded a college, then we founded a college," said the Dean. "They initiated 100 percent opportunity and then we initiated 100 percent opportunity. They have drunken driving rules and then we have drunken driving rules. They have an underachieving system and then we have an underachieving system."

Then he added wistfully, a little later,

"Why we were just made for each other."

In lieu of this new program to merge the two schools there is now a special secretary who sits in the Dean's office, listening to a phone directly connected with Amherst. Every now and then during our interview, the Dean turned to her and asked,

"Well, what has Amherst done now that we can do next?"

All in all it looks as if this is going to be a successful program. Said noted Assistant Dean, Sidney Wertimer in noted colorful language, while peeping over his glasses, his feet casually resting on his desk,

"The Hamilton College parasite need no longer subsist solely on the scraps thrown to it by the Amherst College. Bigger and better days are ahead!"

Let's hope so.

Publication Board Elects Kirkpatrick 'Spectator' Editor

The Publications Board announced yesterday the appointment of Douglas Guy Kirkpatrick as editor-in-chief of the *Spectator*.

Kirkpatrick, although not previously on the staff, was unanimously selected because of his talents in the field of public relations.

A member of DT in his sophomore year, Kirkpatrick was tapped by Was Los in a surprisingly non-partisan ceremony outside of the Chapel last spring.

As a past treasurer of the Campus Fund, Kirkpatrick collected a sum of money never before recorded on the books of the week-long drive. Benefactors of the Campus Fund, which he directed, include overseas institutions of higher learning.

Due to his great ability, Kirkpatrick has appointed himself to fill the remaining editorial positions.

Rock in Pentagon

Dave Eckerman announced on Wednesday that his choice for Pentagon will be Don Dolomite, prominent campus personality. "He is the best man we have!" exclaimed Eckerman.

Senate Approves Drunken Driving; Overrules Faculty

Recently there have been rumors floating around campus that students found driving their cars while under the influence of alcohol are subject to either suspension or expulsion from the college.

This is no longer so.

In a long knock-down, dragout fight, last Wednesday night, the Student Senate decided to reject the proposed "Wertimer Plan for Axing Young Men Guilty of Conduct Unbecoming a Gentleman Behind the Wheel of a Car."

It was a dramatic Student Senate meeting, as aren't they all.

President Blessing arrived late to the meeting (as usual) and then telephoned the other members of the senate (as usual) in order to inform them that there was a meeting (as usual).

President Blessing then issued this statement which caused quite an excitement among the impressive gathering: "I'm tired of being a stooge for Wertimer. I've had it! I'm sick and tired of the 'Wertimer Plan for Axing Young Men Guilty of Conduct Unbecoming a Gentleman Behind the Wheel of a Car,' and I would like to move that we reject it in full."

Vice-president Svenson rubbed his hands, licked his lips, and thought this was a swell idea.

Bert Hand and Chic Finn immediately wanted to set up a committee to look into the matter, but *Spectator* editor Ed Roth, in a display of journalistic brilliancy shouted,

"We can't wait! We must reject it now." Bill Nelson echoed his very words. (It is rumored the *Spectator* is badly in need of copy for this week's issue).

After an hour and a half of heated debating, the Senate, with Beloved Bless calling the signals, rejected the "Wertimer Plan for Axing Young Men Guilty of Conduct Unbecoming a Gentleman Behind the Wheel of a Car."

Mr. Wertimer was then notified by President Blessing of this turn of events, and he issued the following statemenut from the seat of the school fire-engine which he happened to be driving when he was notified:

"I respect the Student Senate. We *all* respect the Student Senate. And if this is the way they choose to regard the 'Wertimer Plan for Axing Young Men Guilty of Conduct Unbecoming a Gentleman Behind the Wheel of a Car,' then this is fine with me. Their judgment is the wisest in the school, and they should run the school. I have always believed this, I believe it now, and I always will believe it, and I would never think of interfering in any way with a senate decision. If they say 'No' to my plan, then 'No' it is. I am glad that Hamilton is a democracy. I would never think of trying to over-ride the Senate or stand in their way in any way."

It is indeed heartwarming to note that such an attitude prevails within the closely co-operating student-faculty system of our small, sunny, isolated liberal arts college.

PRE - MED ANOMALY —

Hill Pre-Med Was Big Cut-up

—*by* MAX STACHURA

Elmer Grubbenheimer was a typical Hamilton College premedical student. In fact, he was the most gung-ho, enthusiastic, monomaniac, typical premedical student in all Hamilton College history. From the moment Elmer Grubbenheimer had been old enough to count, he had wanted to be a doctor.

Even as a child Elmer had never listened to radio programs like Bugs Bunny or Superman. He preferred Young Doctor Killdare. In school he used to jab other kids with his jackknife just so he could play doctor with them. Once his Daddy brought home some orange crates, four wheels and an old washing machine motor and gave them to Elmer.

Mrs. Dusty Drinks

"Maybe Elmer will make a little racing cart and drag up and down the streets like the other boys do," he said to Elmer's mommy. For two weeks Elmer worked industriously in the family garage. When he was done, he had fashioned, all by himself, a crude iron lung. "When I grow up, I'm gonna discover the cure for cancer," he said.

When Elmer arrived for freshman induction at Hamilton College, the first thing he did was try to join the Biology Club. He was refused membership. All during freshman induction week, Elmer asked each person he met what courses a pre-med should take. Everyone was most understanding.

Elmer finally decided to register for Advanced Neural Chemistry, Psychophysics 51-52 and Paleozic Phrenology. Elmer did not know anything about these courses, but he thought they sounded just swell.

Ellie Drinks

When he learned that he would instead have to study history and English composition as well as general biology and chemistry, Elmer was furious. "Why should I study English?" he ranted. "I'm going to be a doctor, and nobody can ever read what doctors write anyway!"

Elmer worked hard during his freshman year. He faithfully read the *American Medical Association Journal* every day, and he only cut chemistry class seventeen times. At the foot of his bed, he kept a small statue of Aesculapius. Elmer didn't know too much about Aesculapius, but someone had once told him that Aesculapius was the inventor of the Hypocratic Oath, and Elmer revered him for this. "When I grow up, I'm gonna' invent a cure for syphillis," Elmer said.

In public speaking class Elmer gave three speeches on *Socialized Medicine—A Dirty Commie Trick*. Elmer spent long hours in the biology lab, prodding the anus of a dogfish shark. "This is opening up whole new worlds to me." he said. Elmer also tried to join the Biology Club. He was refused membership.

Jackie Drinks

When semester grades came out, Elmer received an F in chemistry and a D- in biology. He went to see the Dean. "I look upon medicine as something more than just a fast way to make a buck," he told the Dean. "Medicine is more than just a lot of money, a beautiful wife, a big home in the country, a Cadillac and a country club membershihp! Medicine is, you know, saving people's lives and stuff like that," he said. The Dean was most understanding.

In his sophomore year, Elmer developed a sudden, intense interest in the liberal arts. He registered for Art Slides, Play Reading and Bib Thought. "A doctor has to be well rounded," he said. Elmer also didn't take Quantitative Analysis, it wasn't required for medical school anyway. "When I grow up, I'm gonna invent a cure for mononucleosis," Elmer said. Everyone was most understanding.

Everybody Drinks

At the end of his sophomore year Elmer flunked out of Hamilton College. He got a job as a hospital orderly. One day a friend told Elmer he could pick up a little extra money if Elmer were willing to perform a "small operation" on the friend's girlfriend. "Sure," said Elmer. "To me surgery has always symbolized man's greatest humanitarian aspirations, his noblest instincts during times of crisis."

For his display of humanitarian instinct, Elmer received one hundred dollars. During the next few years, Elmer performed numerous other "small operations." He acquired a professional reputation and finally a certain standing in the community. Now he even has a special license plate on the back of his Cadillac.

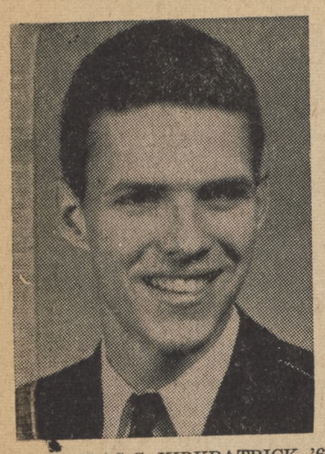
Geological Expert Shows Clay Feet, Goes Underground

Prof. David Hawley of the geology department announced today that the materials used in the construction of Dunham Dormitory, formerly thought to be Indiana limestone and sandy brown dolomite, will not only not turn brown with weathering but are sandstone and will only erode. Hawley is leaving today for Havanna where he will be Minister of the Interior.

VICE IS NICE — Pictured above is a faculty party tossed last Wednesday night by prominent Clinton socialite, Dusty Mac of the Bahamas. After-orgy speaker, Larry Yourtee, discussed the problems of drinking and inter faculty relations at Hamilton College. Mrs. Dusty was vacationing in Jamaica at the time.

The Spectator

HYPOCRISY



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Drinking Is a Problem . . .

Drinking is a problem which contemporary American society must solve. The general decline in the nation's moral values, of which alcoholism is but one aspect, is deplored not only by the thinking people of the nation, but also by the *Spectator*. We are, therefore, not only happy, but also humbly grateful, that the Associate Dean, Buster Brown, together with Dick Blessing, president of the Student Senate, (and Nevitt Steele, who is always mentioned with Blessing) are trying to come to grips with the situation. Thank you — Buster, Dick, and Nevie!

Drinking at Hamilton has thus far caused several deaths. This must be put to an end. By drawing up a list of problem drinkers, Associate Dean Buster Brown may be coming close on the crux of the situation, as he might say. By referring to the list, the Associate Dean will be able to predict just who will die. Now Steele, when asked about the possibilities of the problem drinker list, made one of his few statements not in conjunction with Blessing. Said Steele, "What profiteth it a man if he gaineth the whole world and loseth his life?"

Thus, by direct and farsighted action, the Big Three — Buster, Dick, and Nevie — have drawn up a list. The *Spectator* is in complete accord with this move, for such a list is easy to draw up — everybody knows about the faculty — and it will be handwritten.

Associate Dean Buster Brown was wholly correct, we feel, in choosing the Judiciary Committee of the Student Senate as the organ to enforce the problem drinker list. This Committee is composed of Richard Blessing, captain of the football team, president of the Student Senate, and darling of the English Department; Charles Svenson, president of the Class of 1961 by a vote of 23-16, and major in history; John Schoemer, worker for the Charlatans and a graduate of Cardinal Stepinac High; and Nevitt Steele.

The experience of the above four men in judging violations of social rules is unprecedented in the history of the College. As Nev said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Doug Kirkpatrick said he thought he could judge problem drinkers too.

Let's get back to the handwritten aspect of this list. Of course, the list itself will be mimeographed by the staff of Associate Dean Buster Brown, which we think is good. Also, the personal letters to the problems will be handwritten, which we also think is good, because Dean Seagram always gets those impersonal typewritten letters. "I don't like that at all," Seagram said last week.

Backing up the expert judgment of the Judiciary Committee are, of course, Associate Dean Buster Brown and Doug Kirkpatrick. Both are fine judges. Brown has gained a great deal of experience in judging problem drinkers, for he has often carried Seagram home from faculty parties. "I think Buster is a good man, even though he's so short," Kirkpatrick said. As for the qualifications of Kirkpatrick himself, nothing can possibly be said.

Will the problem drinker list solve the problem of problem drinking? Of course not. But, given the problem of problem drinking, Associate Dean Buster Brown and his friends, along with ghost writer Doug Kirkpatrick, have come up with a solution which is in keeping with their mentality; as Doug Kirkpatrick recently proclaimed, "Adam has eaten, swallowed, and taken the apple to Hamilton."

The list will have several important advantages. First, Blessing will write several letters which the recipients can treasure forever. Second, righteousness will triumph over evil, which will make Dean Semi-Colon happy, although he will still drink. Third, the College administration will increase its power for no good reason; this in keeping with the policy of the administration (apparently sanctioned by a lazy faculty) for the past several years — actually, ever since Associate Dean Buster Brown took office.

And, while Hamilton solves its problem of problem drinkers, Americans still drink, still suffer, and still die because of it. We live in a decadent age, a dying civilization. But we can be saved. We at Hamilton particularly, for we have Buster Brown, Dick Blessing, Nev Steele, and the best, greatest, and most Christ-like of all, Doug Kirkpatrick.

Dean Announces Practical Advice For Rule Breakers

"As you go from house to house this weekend, have your date carry your drink. You will get in trouble if caught, but all your date will get is a smile."

With this cheery advice, Associate Dean Buster Brown once more added to his own image as the students' buddy.

Buster explained that it was chiefly the problem drinkers that he and his boys were after. These "curses to the American College campus" very likely would not have dates and almost certainly would be drunk.

Buster stated that Dapper Bachly's new admissions policies were eliminating some of his problems. "No more Schepmoes, no more Beaver's," Buster sighed. "unfortunately some still slip past with their National Honor Society pins and money. But, basically the Hamilton student is a good guy who keeps his eye to the signs on the wall," he concluded.

BOOM — Prof. Freddie Carbon Bond announced very briefly from the Chemistry Building on Wednesday that he had successfully synthesized ortho, para, meta-1, 3, 9, 10 tetra- nitro-hexa-phenyl chloride. Pictured above are the remains of all three.

Femme Fancier, Pierre Ducretet, To Pick Beauties

This morning at 11 o'clock three faculty judges will choose the 1961 Queen of the Hamilton College Winter Carnival.

Judge Pierre Ducretet (noted expert) has hopefully lengthened his tape measure, in the event that it will be a memorial occasion. The girls will be judged solely on their beauty. The judges have been asked to refrain from testing any of their talents, which may be outstanding.

The Queen will be crowned at the formal dance in the gymnasium tonight. She will be attended by ten beautiful dancing girls scantily clad in sweat suits and snow parkas.

Rolfe Ferguson, social committee chairman, will award the Queen a treasury of valuable gifts. Included in the prizes are: a crisp, new one dollar bill donated by Clark Minor; and a life-time supply of Hamilton men, presented by the sponsor.

Chief Justice Eckerman Announces: "I Made the Problem Drinker's List"

Dear Mr. Blessing, et al.,

I was pleased and gratified to receive your letter of the fifteenth of February which placed me on "the problem drinker's list." As you well know, during my four years at college I have received many honors: among them, Was Los, Pentagon, and chairmanship of the honor court. My placement on this list is, I feel, another achievement. I shall be proud to tell my parents (and my date this weekend) that the administration and the Judiciary Committee has seen fit to include me in this select group.

I was also pleased to note that you and the other members of the committee consider me one of your friends. I have not been particularly close to you all during the past four years, and I have been very much opposed to some of the rules you have passed in the Student Senate. It is good to know that one has friends, especially friends that one did not know one had. I wanted to let you know that you have brought joy into one small part of one of your classmates's lives. For this I am appreciative (I have found few friends on campus and, indeed, in the fraternity to which I belong.).

You see, Mr. Blessing, I am basically a friendly guy. The student body feels that because I am on the honor court I am "out to get them." This dilema has caused my drinking problem. I can hardly put my head on the pillow at night without feeling that someplace there is a fellow student who hates my guts. I could not sleep until I took up drinking.

Now I have found friends. Mr. Wertimer regularly calls me into his office for "chats." He counsels me on problems and, in turn, I tell him about the fellows on campus whom I dislike and who create various kinds of disturbances here in the fraternity.

Your letter now hangs above my desk, framed in a black picture frame. I have sent a copy to you to be autographed by you and the Judiciary Committee. If you will cooperate with men I shall cooperate with you.

God bless the President of the Student Senate and Emerson Literary Society! I shall no longer wrong my fellow man.

David Eckerman

Senate To Meet

The Student Senate will meet on Wednesday, Mar. 1, at 8 p.m., in Root 24.

PLEASE, NO STORIES

PLEASE, NO STORIES

by

ALVIE ALL-AMERICA, TDX

Alvie All-America mixed vodka with castor oil and called it Mr. Clean. He won all the drag races in the back yard, and ran a concession at houseparties by dring at 60 m.p.h. between trees, sort of like level roller-coaster. Alvie never shaved or used deordorant, wore his sweat shirt to all classes, and washed it every time the hockey team won.

He was the smoothest guy in our house.

One weekend, all of a sudden, strange things began to happen at the house, things that had never happened before.

Sully locked himself in his room and studied all day and all night, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Christmas Tree Charlie poured all his liquor down the drain, Billy Willy got a haircut, and Sven got drunk and wrecked the bar, the kitchen, the bathroom, the library, the living room, and all the bedrooms. He sort of wrecked the whole house, which hadn't been wrecked for a whole week.

This turned Alvie's whole world upside down. He got depressed and moped and sulked for a few days, until all at once he got an idea.

Now Alvie wasn't an athlete at heart. Deep, deep down in the inner recesses of his soul, he had always wanted to be a writer. He had read a whole great big novel by Hemingway, and even a short story by Steinbeck. He had even traveled to Spain to walk in the footsteps of his literary god. Late, late at night, when all the brothers had gone to bed, Alvie would stay up and express his soul in beautiful puns, which he secretly locked in his hope chest.

So Alvie decided to use his literary talent to restore his world to its normal order. The next night he called for a house meeting after dinner. Then he went to his hope chest, brought back all his puns, and read them to his awed and inspired brothers. Sven breathed a deep sigh, Charlie clasped his hands to heaven, Billy just opened his mouth and gaped, and Sully broke down and cried. If Diz had been present, there's no telling what he might have done.

The next weekend, Sven studied Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, Charlie bought a dozen cases of Scotch and drank himself into a coma, from which he hasn't recovered yet, Billy Willy took a blood oath never to get a haircut again, and Sully got drunk and wrecked the bar, the kitchen, the bathroom, the library, the living room, the bed rooms, and for good measure, the boiler room.

And then Alvie knew that someday he would be a great writer.

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ALLIED CHEMICAL CAMPUS INTERVIEWS . . . .

A future for: Chemists, Chemistry Majors, Engineers (Chemical, Mechanical, Electrical)

Proud Pedagogue Shows Pedantry As Students Burn

Dr. John Crosscut, professor of English, Greek, Latin, German, etc., entered the room. His first words were, "The themes were uniformly interesting, though I must say that I can note certain dissimilarities between yourselves and myself when I was your age, by which time I had read all of Shakespeare's sonnets and the great books."

He began the class discussion, smiling as the copies of Oxford English Dictionary appeared. "Here at the bottom of Volume 13, page 1010."

"No," corrected another student, "Page 10, Volume 10, toward the bottom of the page." The room became full of opened O. E. D.'s. Sage the Younger spoke from behind his books, "In the Bible, Old Testament, that story about Tamar."

Thirteen volumes of a student's O. E. D. fell on his right foot. "Help!" begged the student. The student screamed in terrible anguish until the books were removed. "In my day," said the Professor, "books would have been honored to support the O. E. D."

"Now when Tamar is bopping up there on the mountain, digging her virginity and all that," continues the youthful sage, never pausing or relenting.

The O. E. D.'s began to burn. "Save them! Save them!" cried Crosscut. "Wait, tell me first what is the place of fire in the New Testament." No answer came. "There are Christians here, aren't there? Why, when I was your age I had translated the New Testament from the Vulgate back into Greek and then into German."

There was, unfortunately, no time for a reply. Two one-time Christians had been turned into ashes. "Help!" cried the others. "Give me the Latin root of 'help,' " demanded the searching sage. The fire continued; it knew no Latin. The sage continued; he knew no fire.

"Now then, where were we when the last class ended?"

"Begging for water after twenty-four hours."

"Well, what did we discuss?"

A student, slowly disappearing in the flames, shouted, "The first three words of *Paradise Lost* in an effort to capture the tone of the entire work." Pause. "Help!" cried the student, now fully dissolved.

MARIAN THE LIBRARIAN — Becomingly bikinied bathing beauty relaxes in the sun at Miami Beach. She was previously rejected as a librarian at the College.

"Give me the Greek root of 'help,' " demanded the sage. The flames cackled; the burning bodies smelled. "Oh, the exhilarating fires of learning," chuckled the beginning-to-burn Crosscut.

Sage the Younger then said, "Well, there's this bit in the Bible, Old Testament, where Tamar up on the hill, feeling the hots . . ."

"You're ignorant; ignorant," moaned the sinking prof to a sunken class. "I don't expect you to know Faulkner or Joyce, nor even James Gould Cozzens, but not to know Hermes Trismegistus. Why when I was your age I had written the Hermetica."

On the board, the fast-disappearing Professor wrote, Theme topic, 'Compare Bacon with Eggs, analyzing the *Faerie Queen* from the point of view of the eggs in the pan." Point of view realized: Eggs burn, Bacon just right.

Brown To Love

As a result of studies in dog fish anatomy, Bob Brown has convinced himself that there is someone who would appeal to him. This weekend marks the first date that Brown has had in three and one half years.

CAGEY CAGERS — Despite hard Continental play, cagey cagers from Smith defeated Hamilton by a score of 69-62. E. P. Stein, backcourt ace, told the "Spectator" the the girls "blocked all my passes."

Slick Smithies Score In Hill Cage Contest

The somber shadow of gloom was cast over the Hamilton campus yesterday as the hitherto undefeated Continentals were soundly beaten by Smith College before a capacity crowd.

The Smith girls opened up right away and moved into a nine-point lead. They successfully put on a "deep freeze" in the second half and despite repeated Hamilton advances, the Smithies came out on top, 69 - 68.

The first half was strictly a team effort by the Smith girls as they put on a brilliant exhibition of ball handling. Attempts by our boys to steal Smith passes were inevitably turned into Smith scores.

The Smithies were particularly hot from the inside, and, despite the fact that this was the only team faced by the Continentals over which our men had a definite height advantage, the Continentals failed miserably under the boards. The half ended with the Smithies on the long end of a 45 - 27 count.

The Continentals came on strong at the beginning of the second half. Marked by Warren Palmer's hot hands, Hamilton began to move. After four straight magnificent baskets by Palmer and a driving, twisting layup by Captain Howk, it appeared that the Continentals were on their way to a comeback similar to the ones which have marked their play all season.

Then one of Palmer's contacts fell out, play was stopped, and from that time forth the speedy Smithies were able to frustrate further Continental flurries. Any idea of a Hamilton comeback was extinguished when Fredenburg was ejected from the game on a deliberate elbowing charge.

Coach Patrick stated after the game that he was proud of the way his boys handled themselves despite their disappointing defeat. It is now doubtful that the Continentals will be invited to the NCAA Small Girls Tournament to be held next month in Fort Lauderdale.

Williams Trip Improves Prestige Of Lodge Rollers

Several unidentified members of the Chi Psi Lodge rolled down to Williams houseparties a while ago. It was a great weekend enjoyed by all, and, according to a high Lodge official, a weekend where Chi Psi prestige improved immeasureably.

The reactions of many of the Lodge rollers were noteworthy.

"Man, it was really a cool scene," said one puffy fella. "I made it with this really cool chick. I didn't think I could make it with her but I did, and man, it was really fine."

And according to another Lodger:

"So fine. You just wouldn't believe it, it was so fine. A really great scene. Like, we really made it to all the cool pads."

Supported by a third Lodger.

"They had a band that was really fine. Created a great scene at this really wild pad where they had a really fine sax player who just wailed and wailed and you couldn't believe it, man, because it was so beautiful. You just couldn't believe it!"

Rumor has it that the Lodge is battening down the hatches in preparation for this weekend when outside help is expected from the midwest rolling element. A lot of this element is expected to come rather pie-eyed. Said Peter Rabbit, TDX house manager, when told of this:

"Let 'em come. They can talk and smoke in our fireplace all they want to, that soots me fine."

Upon questioning in regards to the potential of the Lodge rolling capabilities, a prominent DKE was heard to say:

"They're just a bunch of flailers, writhing and thrashing spasmodically in a great dark and deep cataclysmic void."

At last notice, Rusty Bumper, manager of the Lodge floor show said,

"It's going to be a really great scene this weekend man, so plan to make it down here because it's going to be so fine."

Help, Fire Why? Why Not?

Frenchies Defeat Foe In Yo-Yo Tournament

Gymnasium, Feb. 23 — In a short, free-throw overtime, Pierre "fingers" Ducretat executed a brilliant double whammy maneuver to make the Frenchies victors over the English department, 48-47, in the college's annual, faculty yo-yo eliminations.

In the warm-up before the competition, "Slippery Strings" Barratt had looked good with an over-shoulder routine he dubbed, his "Wordsworth Special." Yet the fans could detect something less than confidence among the British, for both Jack Crossit and Loop-de-Loop Johnsten were wincing with acute hangnails. Things looked bad.

The Frenchies, clad in orange-and-black briefs, were warming up with some fancy-pants stunts. Their biggest threat seemed to be the bearded wonder, Jacques Davas.

(Few people noticed the short figure, clothed in black and brandishing a pair of scissors, crawling under the bleachers from the British dugout toward the Parisiens. A sharp eye would have discerned Associate Dean Buster Brown.)

The competition commenced with simple "free-wheelers" and "cradles" by Austere Broggs, Jr. and Henri Upinback. The score moved to a 28-28 draw.

Then "the Beard," his orange trunks a size too large, stepped into the spotlight. A hush spread across the stands; Davas was about to execute his "Tour d'Eiffel," a difficult under-arm trick, which was often a producer of the dreaded hangnails. "The Beard," breathing deeply and muttering foreign phrases, wound up his execution arm, then let fly.

The next second he was examining the frayed end of his yo-yo string. It had been cut. Davas's savage eyes scanned the room. Aha, mon dieu, ah so; who was this rodent clothed in black, stealing under the bleachers back toward the British? Before one could say, "Buster Brown," "The Beard" had seized Gaston Hamlan's huge yellow yo-yo, and had connected squarely with the Associate Dean's cranium. As the medics attended, referee Digger Graves recorded a foul. The score moved to 32-28.

Ten minutes of fierce play saw the Red Coats move ahead of the organge forces. But Gaston Hamlan pulled his once-in-a-lifetime "Constipated Frenchman" trick, to even things up at 47-47.

It seemed that a play-off duel would have to be held, between the best players from each club. For the Wine Drinkers, it would be Pierre Ducretat. For the Cockneys, Gosh Kessla.

Miraculously, Kessla's yo-yo didn't make to return trip up the string after his first throw. His backlash opened the field for the Frenchmen.

The judges watched open-mouthed as Ducretat executed an impeccable "double - whammy." They watched too as Pierre's speeding yo-yo bashed Kessla in the mouth.

At the expense of rodent-like, Associate Dean Buster Brown and the Red Coat General, Gosh Kessla, the Parisiens had triumphed. Ducretat was unanimously voted the member most likely to be drafted into the French Foreign Legion.

WCTU Schedule

Sunday

8:30-12 — "Christianity Unlimited" — Prof. Semi-Colin.

Monday

7:30-8 — "In My Opinion" — An Analysis of Nazism by Harvey M. Brickhart.

8-12 — Long Talk by Prof. Tweedy on "Economic Interpretations of the Phenomena concerning Complicated Analogies of the Opposite Sex in Relation to Socio - Economic Men, Monies, and Goodies."

Tuesday

7:30-8 — "In My Opinion" — "Famous Fires and How They Started" by Associate Dean Buster Brown.

8-10 — "Dissertation on Roast Pig" by Prof. Jascha Kessler.

10-12 — "Sounds of the Okee-pin-opee Swamp" by Prof. Emeritus Pete Bog.

Wednesday

7:30-8 — "In My Opinion" — "Voting on the Right Side of the Issue" by Elbert O. Foot.

8-12 — Lecture on "Hotel Management and Skiing" by Mr. Paul Smith. Broadcast direct from the

Many New Uses Indicate Value of Time Clock Idea

An anouncement today from Dean Seagram's office confirmed rumors that had been circulating around the campus about the findings of a special committee appointed to study the efficiency and popularity of the time-clock system as instituted in the Library at the present time.

The announcement read: "As anticipated, the new system of time clocks in the Library has been received by the student body with overwhelming enthusiasm and general love for the administration. Unblinded by such an extravagant success, we in the administration have decided to blaze new trails, to cross new frontiers, as it were. As a beginning, we have decided to adapt the time-clock system to the present system of attendance.

"Students will all be issued attendance cards to be carried on their persons to all classes. These cards are to be inserted into time clocks (to be installed in each of the classrooms) both on entering and on leaving class. Thus, the student will not only have his *cuts* on permanent, immutable electronic record, but also the exact amount of his tardiness. A student chronically tardy by a few minutes will therefore find cuts accumulating against him and may begin to receive cut warnings through tardiness alone.

"The question of financing this multi-million-dollar project has been very satisafctorily resolved by the $200 increase in tuition starting next year and by cancelling all existing scholarships and discontinuing the heat in the freshman dormitory."

Asked whether he had any really long-range projects involved in his forward-looking policy, Dean Seagram replied, "Why yes, of course. Our ultimate goal within the next thirty or forty years is to have robot professors lecturing mechanical students over closed-circuit television."

Widow To Donate

Trustee Elect Robert Peach announced Wednesday that his frustrated widow will donate sufficient funds for the mounting of an airline beacon atop the Chapel tower at his death.

Slanted Sports

by Harry Tadpole, adp

Let's give a big old cheer for our big old basketball team, gang. They have won twelve straight, and boy, are they going places. After easy wins over Union and RPI this past week, there can be no doubts in our minds that Warren Palmer may need new contacts, John Fredenburg may need more height, Carl Hayden may need a looser uniform, Dick Howk may need more luck, and Little Don Epstein may need a rest.

Speaking of basketball, Bill Goss of AD says that he is organizing bigger and better riots for the AD court-stompers who have recently been reinforced by half of the LCS, which is certain to make the basketball team and Mr. Weber very happy and pleased in general with the gung-ho Hamilton spirit. "The only trouble," says Goss, "is that Harv still refuses to co - operate in this effort."

Thanks to Bill and his buddies there will be a special court-stomping squad bus going down to Rochester in the near future when the team plays there.

Don't belittle the hockey team, fans. They may not be winning all their games but they are having a lot of fun playing them. Tonight's game against AIC should prove to be very interesting and exciting, because it will be a struggle for that mythical championship crown, The Dud Trophy, which goes each year to the worst team in the nation.

Coach Greg Batt isn't giving up yet, you can be sure of that. "Anyone who's ever gone through a season and lost fourteen games will know how I feel," says Greg.

Things could have been different this year. If the team had only had a few breaks against Colby, Williams, Middlebury, Army, Colgate, Cornell, Bowdoin, Amherst, Norwich, and a few others, the scores would not have been as high as they were, rest assured of that! It may be a little discouraging to note that Middlebury and Army have scored about as many goals against the Continentals as the pucksters have scored against all their opposition all year, but don't knock them, they're having fun.

It may be interesting to you hockey fans to note that the hockey team's feat of being shut out five times in a season so far, is a new NCAA record.

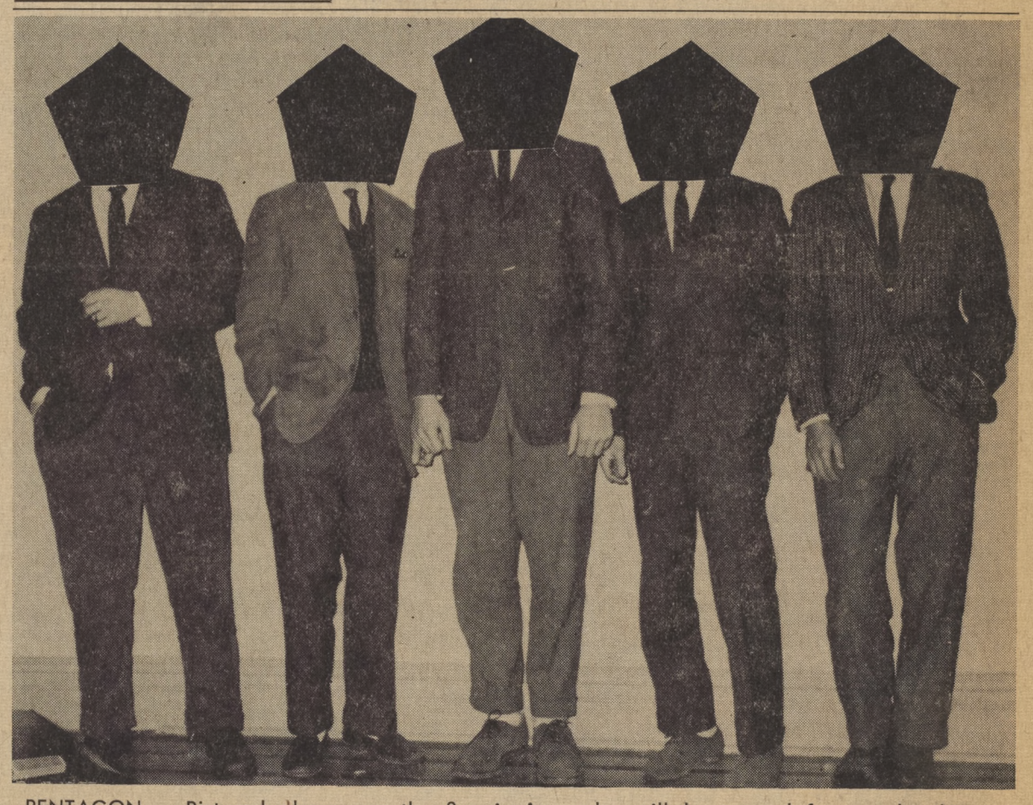
But don't knock them, they're having a lot of fun playing the game.

Has anyone noticed Dick Blessing practicing up on his Rugby and cricket lately? "If I get over there," says Bless, "I wanna be jus' like Peter."

After the thrilling championship hockey game between AD and DU last Monday, Gerry Mahks was heard to say:

"Nahman Boggs is cleahly a greaht goalie. It's too bahd that he hahd to let in those eight ghoahls of ouahs." Congratulations Norm, for this merited praise.

Sport Shorts: Hobble Gobble, Razzle Dazzle, Sis Boom Bah. Potbellies, Potbellies, Rah, Rah, Rah!



PENTAGON — Pictured above are the five juniors who will be tapped for membership in Pentagon next June. They are (from left to right) _____ of Delta Kappa Epsilon, _____ of Chi Psi, _____ of Alpha Delta Phi, Don Dolonite of Emerson Literary Society, and _____ of Psi U. The present members of Pentagon are Dick Blessing, DKE; Dan Burke, Chi Psi; George Elferink, ADP; Dave Eckerman, ELS; and Douk Kirkpatrick, Psi U.

Snowy Lodge Member Melts Away Under Heat of Ice Hockey Scandal

A three-cent postcard, left in the *Spectator* box at Root Hall, triggered an investigation which resulted today in the arrest of Capton Burke, a member of Pentagon and The Lodge, and five fellow icemen. All six were accused of accepting bribes to "fix" ten hockey games this year.

Chief Maggie Briggs of the Clinton Police Department also nabbed the "liasons" between a syndicate operating from Utica and the players. Mrs. Briggs, wife of leading third floor intellectual, identified the contacts as Doug Kirkpatrick, notorious Hill senior, and Mrs. John S. Gambs, provocative Utica songstress. Kirkpatrick was seized at noon today while waiting in Clinton for the Utica bus.

Wearing a tattered overcoat, black suit, and tennis shoes, Kirkpatrick offered no resistance to the attractive Police Chief. His female accomplice, the provocative Mrs. Gambs, was similarly attired.

The Hamilton athletes arrested were Burke, Rod Ramsey, mainstay of the team, Dave Cochran, promising freshman, Paddy McDonnell, Canadian profesfsional, Jim Price, Trojan professional, and Seymour Smith, Loomis luminary.

The icemen accepted a total of $1.25 to "adjust" scores so that the Utica syndicate could clean up by placing large bets on Hamilton opponents. The syndicate was particularly bitter, according to Mrs. Briggs, when the Continentals failed to drop the Colgate game.

Ramsey was among the highest paid and is reported to have invested his 30¢ share in a bootleg operation on the Hill. McDonnell, paid little because the syndicate figured him no threat to its plans, is believed to have mailed the mysterious card, although he was advised not to mail it, the *Spectator* learned this afternoon, by Coach Greg Batt. Despite his team's poor season, Batt is believed to have profited by selling masks to interested tourists.

President Dusty Mac refused comment, but informed sources report that he was stunned by the arrests. It is believed that he will recommend an admissions policy that bars all promising athletes. "We can no longer risk admitting jocks," he commented. The hockey players have violated the honor code.

Weber Suspends Squash Captain For Intoxication

Captain Bert Hand was suspended by Coach Mox Weber today for breaking training rules by appearing intoxicated at Hamilton's final squash match of the season.

Hand subsequently defeated his opponent, who was ranked Number One in the country by scores of 15-0, 15-0.

Hand's inebriation was detected after Coach Weber passed out when walking past the court on which hand was playing. Weber said he was overwhelmed by the overpowering odor of whiskey which permeated the air around the court.

Hand attributed his surprising victory to the extra 20 proof in the vat-distilled Kentucky bourbon which he had imbibed. When he was asked to comment on his victory, Hand replied, "Best games I've played this season.".

Coach Weber is still under treatment in the infirmary.

Student Analysis

THE STORY OF JOSEPH AND THE LORD

or

EVER DOES THE NICKEL PURCHASE MORE THAN THE COFFEE

by E. P. Stein

"Patience, Joseph," said the Lord. So it came to pass that Jack, the son of Joseph, became king in the land.

Now Jack was a faithful man and true. He wondered how all nations would be blessed through him.

"Perhaps the blessing is the culture of the land," he thought. Indeed, Jack was of an aesthetic bent. So he turned to culture. He offered the world his beautiful wife. He even called upon the Bard to speak at his accession. But the Lord caused the Bard to goof by shining brightly upon the paper. Jack knew, therefore, that the blessing was not to be cultural.

"Perhaps the blessing is that all nations will look to me for political leadership," said Jack. Nik suggested that this was not the case. Even Fidel would not put his faith in Jack.

So Jack reasoned that the Lord was calling on him to bless the nations through sacrifice.

"It is as easy for a rich man to cross the new Frontier as it for me to say India rather than Indiur or Africa rather than Africur," said Jack. "Therefore the rich must give of their substance to the poor useless farmer, to the soldiers separated from their loving families, and to the poor, who subsist on beans."

So it came to pass that the rich gave and the poor took. But Jack knew that he had to bless all the nations and that the people had to cultivate the disposition of sacrifice. So Jack took more money from the rich and added to it the money which had been given to the poor. This and more he took, and he gave it to the poor of all nations.

This is the generation
of them that seek thee,
that seek thy face,
O Jack.

And Joseph went into the Temple of the Lord, and he said, "Lord, hear my prayer."

And the Lord said, "I hear you not."

And Joseph gave unto the Lord, even unto his last copper. And the Lord said, "Blessed is he who gives his last copper, for the boom is over. Invest in uranium."

And Joseph said, "Lord, hear my prayer. I shall invest in uranium."

"Blessed is he who heeds the advice of his Lord," said the primal Broker. "Because you have trusted in your Lord there will be a contract between you and me. You will have a life of milk and honey. You will be an ambassador to a great nation. And all nations will be blessed through you.

And lo, it came to pass that Joseph's investments yielded a life of milk and honey. And Joseph became ambassador to a great nation. And Joseph's children rose to high places in the realm, yes even in the Holy Wood.

One day Joseph came unto the Temple of the Lord and said, "Lord, I have always been your faithful servant. I invested my talents even as you instructed me. You promised a life of milk and honey. And so it was. You made me ambassador to a great nation even as you contracted. I am an old man, and many are my years; will you not fulfil the third clause of our contract?"

And Jack came unto the Lord and said, "Lord, the contract is fulfilled. All nations have been blessed through me."

And the Lord said, "You were right in assuming that the blessing was not to be cultural. Neither was it political leadership. But you sinned when you did not ask me how to bless the nations, and you erred when you chose to bless them through the wealth of the land. For to do this everyone had to sell his securities, and the bottom dropped out of the Market. Now you can make no offering to me."

"Woe! Woe unto me," cried Jack.

And the Lord said, "Therefore, I shall betake myself from this Temple. For Nik has given me his last nickel. Blessed is he who gives me his last nickel — and invests it in cobalt."

DRINK MUCH? — Through these hallowed portals pass the problem drinkers of Hamilton College. May these doors ever remain open !

Ratty Rambles On At Sigma Xu Talk

by STEVE KITTELBERGER

In the fourth of an interminable series of Sigma Xi lectures, Dr. Leilani E. Ratty delivered a typically casual, ratty oration entitled *Four Obscure Presidents of Great Note*. The four presidents Ratty spoke of were John Tyler, James Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard ("Millard Can Do It!") Fillmore.

Ratty was accompanied by his pet timberwolf Tige, to whom he entrusted his valuable fedora. Generally, Ratty created the impression that he was not thoroughly familiar with his material, as was evidenced by his frequent glances at Tige, which were accompanied by a barely audible "pshew."

Va-va-va-vom

About John Tyler, Ratty remarked that Tyler was the first vice-president to become president because of the death of the president. Then, after pausing for an insidious twist of the side of his mouth, a movement somewhere between a smirk and a giggle, Ratty continued, saying that this was a good thing for Tyler, for he never could have become president otherwise, but a bad thing for Harrison. The audience waited for the lecture to continue as Ratty convulsed.

About Polk, Ratty related an innocuous story of Polk's temporary rise to social prominence in 1846 by the introduction of a new dance step, which bears his name—the Polka. During Polk's administration, we fought the Mexican War, which Polk himself instigated.

Ratty then came forth with another profound witticism, saying that the soldiers must have been displeased with the war, for in that fall they came home and polked him out of office.

Taylor, the victor of the battle of El Matador, was the next president, according to Ratty. Taylor was the only president ever to ride up the capitol steps on a horse. The janitorial staff, remarked Ratty, would like to keep the status quo.

About Millard (Abraham WHO?) Fillmore, Ratty stated that Fillmore's birth is a myth (Ratty seemed to favor the version which said Fillmore was the product of one of Zeus' hangovers, his death conclusive, and his tenure somewhat beclouded. He is thought to have reigned about 1850. Nobody seems to know anything about Millard ("Yeah, me, Caesar, and Napoleon!") Fillmore anymore.

Ratty combined keenly placed humor and facts of obscure note into a lecture of great delight, especially to Ratty.

Julie's Back!

"Julie is back again!" announced Ethyl Dibromide on Wednesday. "I try my level best to keep my shelves well-stocked at all times," she said.

Hapless Hauthamore Harasses Sigs By Neglecting Formal Dress Rules

Last week noted deb-circuit pretty boy, Treadway Hauthamore, was dropped from Sigma Phi because he forgot to wear a tuxedo to dinner on Wednesday night. Said the fashionably dressed Hauthamore (Worsted suit, red vest, watch fob, patent leather pumps, when this reporter interviewed him:

"I didn't mean to forget my tux. I always wore it to dinner, and to watch TV, and to cocktail parties, and just *every*thing. Then tonight I couldn't find my cummerbund and tie so I just said 'the hell with it.' I didn't mean to do it, really, and I'm sorry."

Sig's stand-in president, Ronald Prep said,

"Much as we all like Hauthamore, we decided that if we let this go just once, it would lower the house morale considerably and create a dangerous precedent, and we just don't want to do that. Why, if we'd let Hauthomore come to dinner wearing only his suit, the next thing, all the brothers would come into the house wearing fruit boots and levis like those awful Theta Delts."

A witness, Bill Mildmanner, said he had never seen such a terrible sight. "It was the most flagrant violation of social etiquette which I have ever seen," he said. "Hauthamore walked right through the front door, and marched directly to the dining room, where he sat down. For five minutes there was a stunned silence before president Prep had the foresight to order Hauthamore out of the house."

Whitney Peabody, another reliable Sig, said,

"Goodness gracious. What's happening to everybody? We already have a horrible element which hides in the bar (titter) playing the most *nause*ating rock and roll songs, and now there are people trying to sneak in without tuxes. I am glad something was done about this right away."

Just as this reporter was leaving the house, a Buick rolled into the Sig driveway and stopped before the front door. An untuxedoed, dark-haired boy stuck his head out of the window and said "Thanking you very much," and then the big Buick rolled out of the driveway, and disappeared cross-campus and down hill.

"Veni, Vidi, Vici"

PHILOLOGICAL STUDY —

A Glossary of Verbal Snow

—by PROF. JASCHA KESSLER

(In keeping with the new tone of the Spectator, *we have decide of the* Spectator, *we have decided to present works of a scholarly nature. This article is the first in a series on philology.—Ed.)*

All college students become involved in arguments or discussions in which they must unfortunately do some thinking. Thinking, of course, is always a difficult task, and no one really want to think in every argument. It is very disturbing. It requires a careful analysis of terms and a willingness to investigate new and challenging ideas.

Therefore, each student should command a basic vocabulary which will let him avoid thought and yet appear erudite. I have compiled a glossary of words which are currently in use for this purpose on our campus.

Each of these has the beauty of vagueness. The listener never quite knows what any of them mean. They are usually so intelligent sounding or colorfully descriptive that he is overwhelmed by them.

The glossary is by no means complete or definitive. It does not have to be, for many phrases such as "so what" and "crap" are well-known to all. Nevertheless, the glossary does contain all the words needed to make a student's wit flashing, his logic devastating, and his intellectual position unassailable.

Glossary

brownnoser n. One who says more than "hello" to a professor or who wants to take advantage of the 10-1 ratio.

christer n. One who does not take his quota of chapel cuts, or who spends weekends at religious conventions.

clod n. One who does not dress or behave himself according to your standards.

dog n. An ugly female. Usually any girl other than your girl.

grind n. One who gets higher marks than you do.

idiot n. One who gets lower marks than you do.

intellectual n. (sometimes pseudo-intellectual) One who persistently tries to think. For example, "St. Augustine was not an intellectual. He was a Christian."—Hamilton alumnus.

jargon n. Any discussion concerning a subject you know nothing about. "That's just jargon" usually means "I don't know what you're talking about and I don't much care to find out."

jock n. A person who is better at sports than you. (Usually modified by the adjective "dumb.")

pig n. The female "clod."

playboy n. One who enjoys life more than you do.

sophisticate n. (sometimes pseudo-sophisticate) One who tries to be more civilized or uncivilized than the group is.

subjective adj. Muddled, confused, unscientific. "Subjective" thinkers are those who have not been exposed to the intellectual rigors of college philosophy courses. Ant. objective.

unsophisticated adj. Applies to people who are not as smart as you think you are.

value judgment n. An evil attempt to make things more than relative and hence less than confused.

Naturally, such a glossary cannot be used effectively without a set of rules to govern its application.

Rules

1. Never use a word honestly or legitimately. If in doubt, consult the glossary.

2. Develop a style of delivery. Concentrate on voice intonation and gestures. Practicing in front of a mirror will help greatly.

3. Always confuse your opponent. Be crafty and evasive.

4. Learn to suelch your opponent. Develop a withering sneer.

5. Above all, never let your opponent expose or outwit you; otherwise you will no longer be the measure of all things.

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Mr. David I. Mead

will be glad to discuss these opportunities with you.

CAMPUS INTERVIEWS WILL BE HELD ON
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1961
TO ARRANGE FOR YOUR INTERVIEW SEE
MR. DAVID I. MEAD

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Personal Insurance: Automobile, Fire, Inland Marine, Burglary, Homeowners
Business Insurance: Workmen's Compensation, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Inland Marine, Fleet, Crime